

THERE'S NO COON THAT'S ONE HALF SO WARM.

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Miss
Artie
Hall.



There's no Coon That's One-half so Warm.

Jas. O'Dea.

CAKE-WALK.

M. B. Garrett.



When cake-walk is not used, play from sign for introduction.

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1. Down on the lev-ee where hot coons 'll con-gre-gate, Came a swell nig-ger di-
 2. One night, just late-ly, that coon run a-gain a snag, Down at a part-y the
 3. When he in-sist-ed that he would just run that ball, Coon blood it ting-led, there

rect from a south-ern State, Mixed in so-ci-e-ty, dead swell var-i-e-ty,
 cul-led folks call a rag, Just cause he flirt-ed and al-so hurt-ed
 soon was a free-for-all, Raz-ors went fly-ing, wench-es went cry-ing

En-vied by nig-gers who ra-ted them-selves as great, All coons as-sem-bled,
 One nig-ger's feel-in's who hap-pend to have a jag, He im-po-lite-ly
 And in the mix-up, that coon had an aw-ful fall, For they com-plete-ly

in fear just trem-bled, When this big bul-ly would get up and state Well I guess
 ug-nored him quite-ly, Once more that big coon he loud-ly did brag, Well I guess
 carved him so neat-ly, But still that nig-ger with gameness did bawl Well I guess

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

No coon is ev - er one - half so warm, 'Been so ev - er since I was born;

Mass me and I'll sure raise a storm, Don't care if it is n't good form.

Dead gone are all the wench - es I know, They can't just re - sist me and, so

Keep on a mov - in', Or I'll be a prov - in', There's no coon that's one-half so warm